

FROM THE FILES OF THE POLICE *DRAGNET*

THE

INFORMER

# INFORMER

LN  
2  
OCTOBER

10¢



IN THIS  
ISSUE...

**HELP ME, DOCTOR!**

plus THE COP-OUTSIDE THE LAW

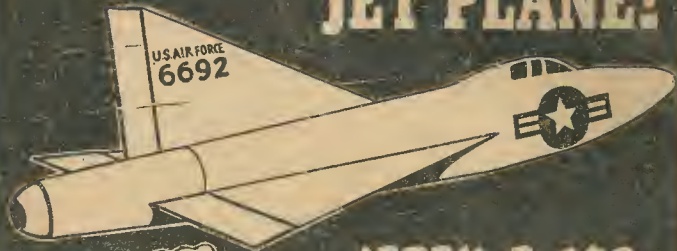




WEB COMIC  
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# NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



## JETEX F-102

### SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the cost of \$2.90.

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**\$1.98**

Includes fuel supply.

### GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

### FLASH!

As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

## AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 800 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO

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- Complete with Jet Engine
- Genuine Balsa Wood

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

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☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.



**T**HE BIG CITY I WORK IN HAS A LOT OF PEOPLE LIVING THERE.  
**A**ND WHEN YOU GET SO MANY PEOPLE TOGETHER, YOU NEED SOMEBODY  
**T**O TAKE CARE OF 'EM.  
**T**HAT'S MY JOB. I'M A COP. DETECTIVE SERGEANT MARK FABIAN.  
**B**UT THERE'S A PART OF OUR POPULATION THAT ALSO HELPS TAKE  
CARE OF PEOPLE.  
**T**HAT'S WHAT THIS CASE IS ABOUT... A DOCTOR.  
**H**E WAS ALWAYS ON CALL... AND HE DIDN'T  
KNOW HOW TO SAY NO.  
**E**SPECIALLY WHEN HE HEARD SOMEONE CRY.....



# HELP ME, DOCTOR!!

YOU'RE GOING  
TO DO WHAT I  
SAY, DOC... AND  
KEEP YOUR YAP  
SHUT ABOUT IT!

DON'T...  
DON'T  
HURT  
HIM!

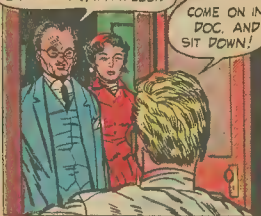
OOOHHH!!  
STOP!!



**T**HE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY HAD  
ALREADY HAPPENED BEFORE MY PART-  
NER, PAT POLO AND ME CAME INTO THE  
CASE. IT WAS 2:56 AND WE WERE WORK-  
ING THE DAY WATCH OUT OF ROBBERY  
WHEN WE SUDDENLY HAD VISITORS...

THE OFFICER DOWNSTAIRS TOLD ME  
TO COME UP HERE AND TALK TO YOU...!  
ER...I'M DR. MANDELLI.

COME ON IN,  
DOC. AND  
SIT DOWN!

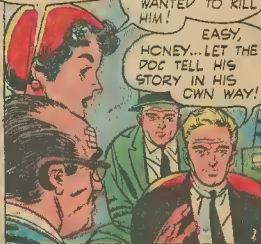


**S**OMEBODY HAD WORKED THE DOC  
OVER... BUT GOOD! THEY BEGAN TO  
FUMBLE WITH WORDS AND FINALLY,  
IT BEGAN TO POUR OUT...

MY DAUGHTER...  
SHE SAW T...

HE BEGAN TO  
HIT DADDY... HE  
WANTED TO KILL  
HIM!

EASY,  
HONEY... LET THE  
DOC TELL HIS  
STORY IN HIS  
OWN WAY!

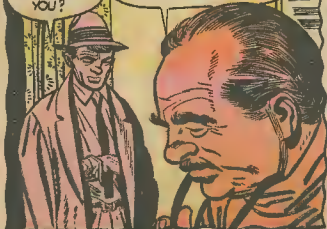




"IT HAPPENED THIS MORNING... DURING OFFICE HOURS. THIS MAN WALKED IN. HIS ARM WAS CRUDELY BANDAGED WITH SOME DIRTY, BLOODY RAG ...

YOU'RE THE DOC... AIN'T YOU?

YES... SIT DOWN! LOOKS LIKE A BAD ARM!



"HE WAS LIKE SOME WILD ANIMAL AT BAY. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS NERVOUSNESS UNTIL I LOOKED AT THE ARM...

WHY... IT'S A BULLET WOUND AND THE BULLET'S STILL IN THERE!

WELL, DON'T STAND THERE LOOKING AT IT! **GET IT OUT!!**



OF COURSE YOU REALIZE IT'S MY DUTY TO REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE!

YOU'LL KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND REPORT NOTHING ... UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO PUT ONE OF THESE LEAD PELLETS IN YOU!



"HE FORCED ME TO REMOVE THE BULLET AND BANDAGE HIS ARM. I WAS NO SOONER THROUGH WHEN...

HERE'S A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YUH SING TO THE COPS ABOUT ME BEING HERE!

**NO!! STOP!!**



DADDY...

REMEMBER... ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL BE BACK AND FIX YOU AND THE GIRL FOR GOOD!

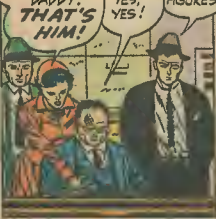


AFTER SOME MORE ROUTINE QUESTIONS, WE TOOK THE DOC AND HIS DAUGHTER DOWNSTAIRS TO CHECK A FILE OF MUG SHOTS. 4:19... THEY STOPPED TO GAZE AT ONE FACE ...

THAT'S HIM, DADDY! **THAT'S HIM!**

YES, YES!

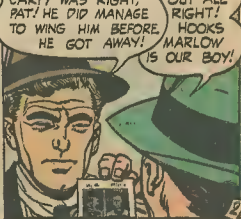
IT FIGURES!



TWO DAYS PREVIOUSLY, OFFICER CARTY HAD SURPRISED A YEGG TRYING TO HOLD UP A LIQUOR STORE! THERE HAD BEEN AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS BUT THE THIEF HAD MANAGED TO ESCAPE...

CARTY WAS RIGHT, PAT! HE DID MANAGE TO WING HIM BEFORE HE GOT AWAY!

IT CHECKS OUT ALL RIGHT! **HOOKS MARLOW IS OUR BOY!**

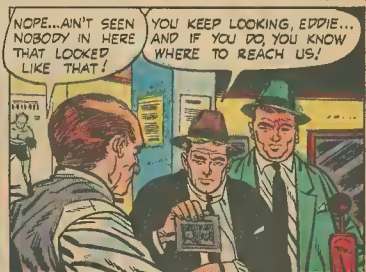


I WASN'T SO KEEN ON FATHER COMING HERE, OFFICER... IF... IF THIS MAN HOOKS MARLOW FINDS OUT--!

THAT'S THE WAY WE EARN OUR SALARY, MISS, TO PROTECT THE CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN FROM THE LIKES OF MARLOW! IT'S ABOUT TIME PEOPLE LEARNED YOU CAN'T BUY OFF A RAT!



5:02...WE DROVE THE DOC AND HIS DAUGHTER HOME AND STAKED OUT TEAMS OF MEN TO WATCH THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE. WE PUT OUT A DRAGNET FOR MARLOW AND BEGAN TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OURSELVES...



THERE WERE A LOT MORE STOPS... MORE QUESTIONS...MORE LOOKING... IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS. BUT WE CAME UP WITH NOTHING. MARLOW HAD DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT THEN, ONE EVENING... SOME FOUR DAYS LATER...



CALM DOWN, MISS, WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER THERE. YEAHH... BUT MAYBE IF YOU CALLED US AS SOON AS HE LEFT THE HOUSE... ALL RIGHT... WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

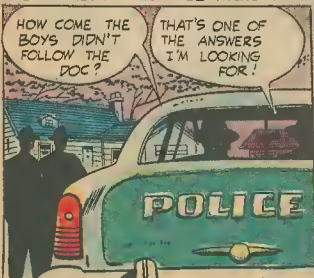


LET'S HAVE IT!

THAT WAS LAURA MANDELL! ...THE DOC'S DAUGHTER. SHE SAYS THE DOC HASN'T SHOWED SINCE THIS MORNING!

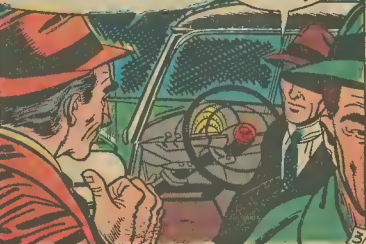


WE BROKE UP TRAFFIC WITH AN OPEN SIREN, AND MINUTES LATER, WE PULLED UP AT A QUIET, RESIDENTIAL STREET. THE STAKEOUT WAS STILL THERE...



NO, SARGE...AS FAR AS WE KNOW THE DOC HASN'T LEFT THE HOUSE. BERNSTEIN AND O'BRIEN WHO WE RELIEVED SAYS BOTH OF THEM HAVE BEEN INSIDE RIGHT ALONG!

I DON'T GET IT! STAY PUT HERE FOR AWHILE. PAT AND I ARE GOING INSIDE!





9:43...HIS DAUGHTER LET US INTO THE HOUSE. ONE LOOK AT HER DRAWN FACE AND I COULD SEE THAT SHE WAS PLENTY WORRIED OVER THE DOC'S DISAPPEARANCE...

HOW DID YOUR FATHER GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT THE BOYS SEEING HIM... AND WHY?



I TRIED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT--BUT HE HAS PATIENTS HE HASN'T SEEN IN DAYS. HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF HE MADE A FEW CALLS RIGHT HERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

YOU FIGURED WRONG! I SUPPOSE HE SLIPPED OUT THE BACK WAY AND THOUGHT IT WAS SMART TO FOOL THOSE MEN OUTSIDE WHO WERE HERE TO WATCH HIM!



WHAT'S THIS...THE LIST OF CALLS HE WAS TO MAKE?

YES! HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR BECAUSE HE DIDN'T TAKE THE CAR! I IMAGINE HE JUST TOOK THOSE CALLS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

WELL...SIT TIGHT! WE'LL DOUBLE CHECK THE LIST AND SEE WHAT WE COME UP WITH!



**WE** STARTED TO CHECK OUT THE CALLS AND THE FIRST FEW WE MADE NETTED US ZERO...

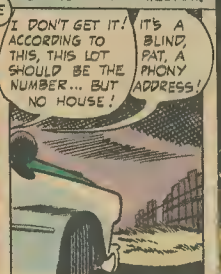


YEAH...THE DOC WAS HERE LAST NIGHT...STAYED TWENTY MINUTES AND LEFT...

YES...HE WAS HERE, BUT LEFT SOON AFTERWARDS. ANYTHING WRONG?

NO-O...HE'S NOT HERE! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HIM!

**WE** CONTINUED TO CHECK, AND ONE OF THE NUMBERS PULLED US UP IN FRONT OF A LOT OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS...



I DON'T GET IT! ACCORDING TO THIS, THIS LOT SHOULD BE THE NUMBER... BUT NO HOUSE!

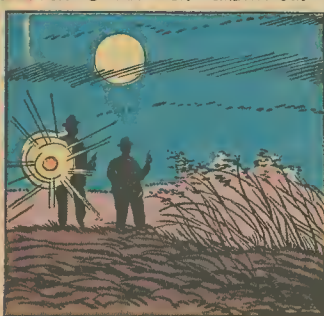
IT'S A BLIND, PAT, A PHONY ADDRESS!

YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?



YEAHH...LET'S TAKE A LOOK AND PRAY THAT WE'RE WRONG!

**WE** STARTED TO COMB THE LOT... LOOKING HARD FOR SOMETHING...



...AND THEN WE SAW IT!



IT WAS THE DOC ALL RIGHT. A DEAD DOC. HE HAD BEEN PLUGGED AND HORRIBLY BEATEN...



WE SEE A GREAT DEAL OF THAT STUFF IN OUR WORK... BUT THIS HIT ME HARD. IT SEEMED SO SENSELESS. A GUY WITH TWO HANDS TO HELP PEOPLE GETTING IT THIS WAY...

BETTER PUT IN A CALL TO THE CAPTAIN AND THE CORONER. I'LL STAY WITH THE BODY. DON'T LET HIS DAUGHTER COME HERE. I DON'T WANT HER TO SEE HIM THIS WAY!



IT WAS HOMICIDE'S CASE NOW. BUT SINCE PAT AND I HAD STARTED ON IT, THE CAPTAIN KEPT US WORKING ON IT. WE BROKE THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS WE COULD TO THE DAUGHTER AND TOOK HER DOWNTOWN...

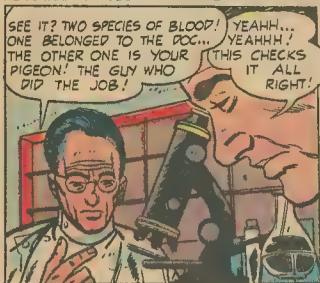
COULD WE GET YOU SOME COFFEE... OR SOMETHING?

NO... NO... (SOB!)

GOT A FEW MINUTES, SARGE? SOMETHING IN THE LAB I WANT YOU TO SEE!



THE CORONER HAD FOUND SOMETHING ALL RIGHT. I COULD TELL BY THE IMPATIENT WAY HE SHOVED ME TOWARD THE SLIDES WITH THE BLOOD SPECIMENS...



SEE IT? TWO SPECIES OF BLOOD! YEAHH... ONE BELONGED TO THE DOC... YEAHHH! THE OTHER ONE IS YOUR PIGEON! THE GUY WHO DID THE JOB! THIS CHECKS IT ALL RIGHT!

DON'T YOU GET IT, PAT? DURING THE STRUGGLE MARLOW'S WOUND MUST'VE OPENED! HE LEFT SOME SAMPLES THERE... SO THAT MEANS HE'S BLEEDING!

AND HE'S GOING TO NEED TO GET THAT WOUND DRESSED PRETTY SOON. HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER MEDIC!



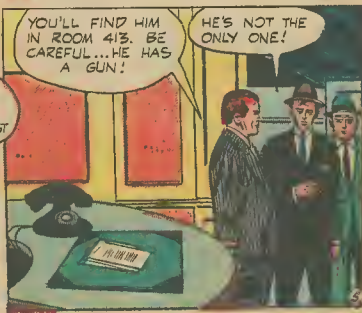
WE ALERTED EVERY M.D. IN TOWN AND THEN TRIED TO SIT TIGHT. BUT HOOKS MUST HAVE CRAWLED INTO A HOLE AND PULLED THE HOLE IN AFTER HIM. NOT A RUMBLE DID WE GET FOR TWO DAYS. THEN ON THURSDAY, AT 10:28, THE PHONE CHIMED...



THIS IS DR. RAWSON AT THE HOTEL CLEBURNE. I JUST FIXED SOME MAN'S ARM--IT WAS A BULLET WOUND. HE LOST QUITE A BIT OF BLOOD. YOU WANTED TO BE INFORMED...

WE'RE ON OUR WAY, DOC!

WE BULLED OUR WAY DOWN THERE--AND FAST! THE DOC WAS WAITING FOR US IN THE LOBBY...



YOU'LL FIND HIM IN ROOM 413. BE CAREFUL...HE HAS A GUN!

HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE!



COME ON, DOC.  
WE'LL NEED YOUR  
HELP FOR A  
MINUTE!

I'M NOT  
GETTING  
SHOT FOR  
ANYBODY! I  
TOLD YOU HE  
HAS A GUN!  
THE MAN'S  
A KILLER!

YOU'RE NOT  
TELLING US  
ANYTHING  
WE DON'T  
KNOW, DOC!  
YOU WON'T  
BE HURT.  
WE JUST NEED  
YOU FOR A DECOY  
FOR A SECOND!

IT WAS 10:48 WHEN WE GAVE DOC. THE NOD TO  
RAP ON THE DOOR...

WHO'S  
THERE?

IT...IT'S ME...  
DOCTOR  
RAWSON!

PSST!  
BEAT IT  
NOW!

**WE** HEARD THE LOCK SLIDE BACK, AND THEN  
THE DOOR WAS CAUTIOUSLY OPENED A FEW  
INCHES. THAT'S ALL MY FOOT NEEDED FOR  
LEVERAGE AND I LET GO...

STAND WHERE YOU  
ARE, HOOKS! DON'T  
MOVE—DON'T EVEN  
MAKE A LITTLE  
MOVE!

OOOPS!

WATCH  
IT, MARK!!

**BANG!**

YOU'RE ONE BABY I WANT  
TO SEE ON THE HOT  
SEAT, HOOKS!

(PANT!)  
GOT  
HIS  
GUN!

REGULAR  
LITTLE KILLER,  
ISN'T  
HE?

DON'T SHOOT! WHAT  
I AIN'T  
ARMED!  
DON'T  
SHOOT!

TAKE AWAY  
THEIR ADVAN-  
TAGE AND A  
RAT ALWAYS  
REVERTS TO  
TYPE! ALL RIGHT,  
YOU...ON YOUR  
FEET!

**SHORTLY THEREAFTER, GEORGE 'HOOKS'  
MARLOW WAS INDICTED AND TRIED FOR  
MURDER. HE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND  
SENTENCED TO DIE IN  
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!**

**CASE  
CLOSED**

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**ALL-DIFFERENT**

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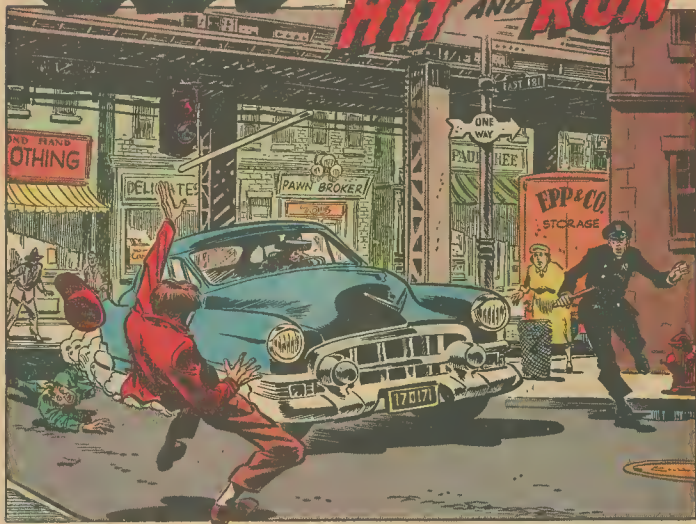
**ZENITH CO.** 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



# THE COP

Kenny Cogan's beat is something you'd call a slum area. Here you have to improvise your own playgrounds--playgrounds you share with speeding cars. And while you're playing hide and seek with sudden death and injury, you get tagged sometimes--tagged by killers behind the wheel of a steel juggernaut who...

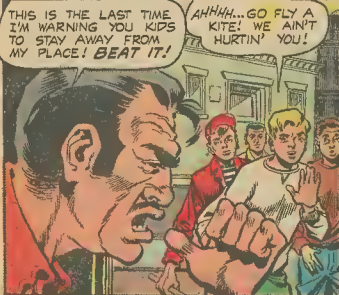
## HIT AND RUN



THE STICKBALL GAME WAS CLOSE, BUT IT WASN'T DESTINED TO GO ALL NINE INNINGS...NOT IF "TIP" CURRY HAD ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT...

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'M WARNING YOU KIDS TO STAY AWAY FROM MY PLACE! BEAT IT!

AAAAHH...GO FLY A KITE! WE AIN'T HURTIN' YOU!



GET GOING OR I'LL WRAP THIS CROW BAR AROUND YER NECK!

HOLD IT, CURRY... HOLD IT!



THAT LITTLE TOY YOU HAVE THERE CAN HURT SOMEBODY, CURRY...AND IT'S NOTHING TO THREATEN A BUNCH OF KIDS WITH!

LISTEN...I'M SICK AND TIRED OF TELLING THAT KID BROTHER OF YOURS AND HIS GANG TO STAY AWAY! THAT UNIFORM DOESN'T TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY BUSINESS!

WELL... WE GOTTA PLAY SOME-PLACE!

WELL...BUILD 'EM A PLAY-GROUND! I GOT CARS COMING AND GOING AROUND HERE ALL DAY!

STOP RACING YOUR MOTOR... I'LL TALK TO THE KIDS!

SORRY, FELLOWS, THE LAWS ON HIS SIDE! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT UP! WHY DON'T YOU GO OVER TO JEFFERSON PARK?

AHH...THAT'S MORE THAN A MILE AWAY! WE'RE BUSHED BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!

THAT "TIP" CURRY! WILL IT HURT HIM IF THE BOYS PLAY A LITTLE BALL? CHILDREN HAVE TO PLAY! WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO GO? IF THEY DON'T PLAY BALL, THEY'LL GO TO THE POOLROOM... MAKE TROUBLE!

SIGH! I KNOW, MR. SCHWARTZ! DON'T YOU THINK I REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO BE CHASED? IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO, EITHER!



IT WAS JUST AN INCIDENT IN THE DAY'S ROUTINE FOR KENNY AND HE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT BY DINNER TIME THAT NIGHT...

IT'S KIND OF LATE! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY HOMEWORK TO DO?

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! FOR CRYING OUT LOUD-PO I HAVE TO GET A THIRD DEGREE WHENEVER I STEP OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR A WHILE?

A LITTLE BIG SHOT, ISN'T HE? I SURE WISH I COULD MOVE HIM AND YOU OUT OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, MOM!

I LIVED HERE PRETTY NEAR ALL MY LIFE, SON... AND I'M KIND OF USED TO IT! WILLIE IS JUST FEELING HIS OATS. THEY ALL DO AT HIS AGE!

HEY...WHERE YOU RUNNING TO, WILLIE? TO MEET THE FELLOWS! I'M GOING OUT TO FINISH YOUR DINNER!





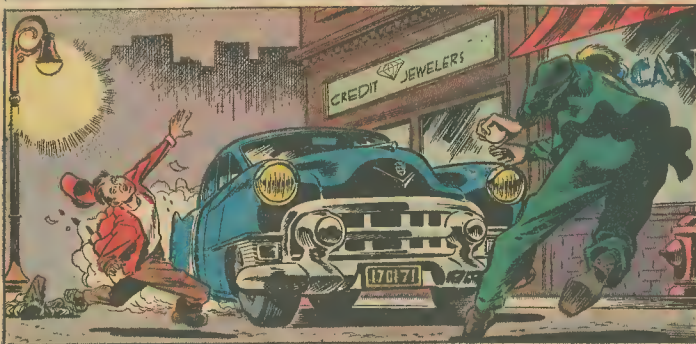
NOBODY KNOWS HOW OR WHY WILLIE AND HIS TWO FRIENDS DRIFTED TOWARD THE TAILOR SHOP... BUT THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE AN HOUR LATER...

WELL, BOYS... I GUESS I'LL CALL IT A DAY AND GO HOME!

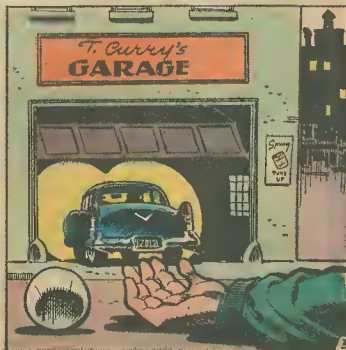
'NIGHT, MR. SCHWARTZ!



BACK AND FORTH WENT THE BALL... BACK AND FORTH... AND SUDDENLY THE BOYS PAUSED AS THE SOUND OF PROTESTING, SCREAMING TIRES FILLED THE AIR...



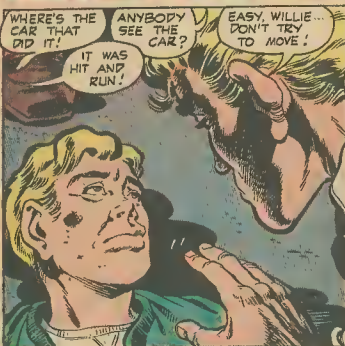
WE GOT A HOT CAR ON OUR HANDS, STUPID! NEVER MIND THEM! GET THIS JOB IN THE GARAGE!



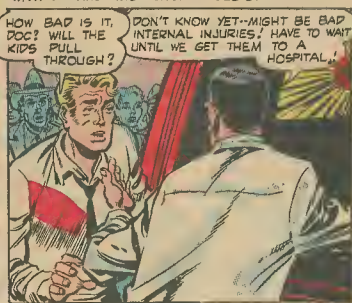
IT WAS SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THAT KENNY HEARD THE FRANTIC POUNDING ON HIS DOOR AND WHEN HE ANSWERED IT...



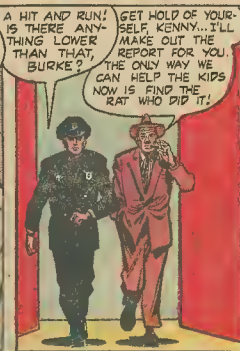
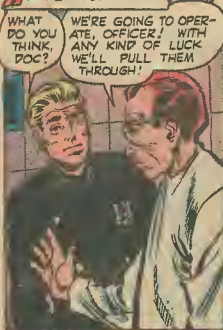
THE COP DIDN'T WAIT TO ASK ANY QUESTIONS BUT SHOT OUT OF THE HOUSE AND SECONDS LATER WAS ELBOWING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...



AND THEN THE WAILING OF THE AMBULANCE SIREN... AND THE HIGH PITCH OF POLICE SIRENS BLENDED WITH IT... AND THE CROWD FELL BACK...



AT THE HOSPITAL...





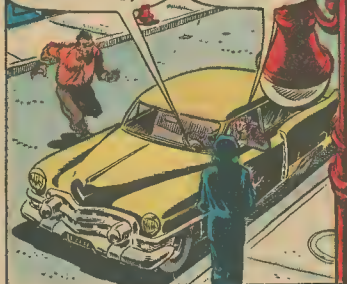
WHERE DO YOU BEGIN TO LOOK FOR A HIT AND RUN DRIVER? HOW DO YOU START? KENNY DECIDED TO START AT THE BEGINNING...WHERE IT HAPPENED...

I WAS JUST GOING HOME AND THEN I HEARD THE SCREECH OF THE TIRES! AND THEN LIKE A SCREAM! WHEN I RAN BACK--THERE--IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT!



WELL...TRY HANDLING A TICKET FOR RECKLESS DRIVING! LET ME SEE YOUR LICENSE!

I DIDN'T DO NUTTIN'! WHAT ARE YUH GIVIN' ME A TICKET FOR?



YOU'RE NOT ON A SPEEDWAY, MISTER! THAT'S NO WAY TO DRIVE A CAR ON CITY STREETS!

ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT...TAKE IT EASY! I CAN HANDLE CARS!



YOU BEEN GUNNIN' FOR ME A LONG TIME, COGAN! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT! I GOT FRIENDS AT CITY HALL!

GIVE 'EM MY REGARDS! HMM...I SEE YOU GOT A NEW PAINT JOB ON THIS HEAP! IT'S A PRETTY NEW MODEL! HOW COME?



THE GUY THAT'S BUYING IT WANTS THAT COLOR! DO I HAVE TO TELL NOSEY COPS MY BUSINESS? GET THAT JOB IN THE GARAGE, TOOEY!

I LIKE TO SEE A GUY GET ALONG...AND YOU SEEM TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT! YOU SELL A LOT OF CARS!



ALL RIGHT...WE GOT YOUR TICKET... BUT IT'S NO INVITATION TO SNOOP. COGAN! WATCH YOUR STEP! YOU MAY BE POUNDING A BEAT OUT IN THE STICKS!

THAT'S IT, KENNY...THAT'S IT...I HEARD IT!



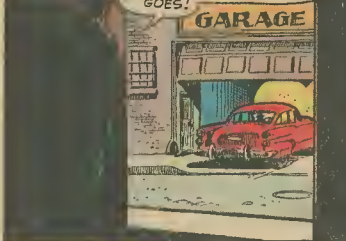
HEARD WHAT?

THE NIGHT OF THE ACCIDENT... WHEN THE BOYS WERE HIT! I RAN BACK...BUT COULD NOT SEE A CAR! BUT I HEARD THAT GARAGE DOOR CLOSING! I HEARD IT!



LATE THAT NIGHT, IN CIVVIES, KENNY TOOK A POST NEAR THE TAILOR SHOP, KEEPING HIS EYE ON THE GARAGE DOOR. AT ABOUT 2 A.M. IT SUDDENLY OPENED TO SWALLOW UP A SPEEDING CAR...

IT ALL FITS...THE STOLEN CADDY--THE BROKEN HEADLIGHTS WHEN IT HIT THE KIDS--AND NOW ANOTHER JOB! WELL HERE GOES!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GARAGE...

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS...WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! MIKE--FIX THAT SERIAL NUMBER ON THE ENGINE--FAST! PUT A BLUE GOAT OF PAINT ON THIS ONE!



JUST LEAVE IT ALONE, CURRY! I'LL NEED THAT CAR AS EVIDENCE FOR YOUR "HOT" CAR RACKET!

IT'S THE COP!

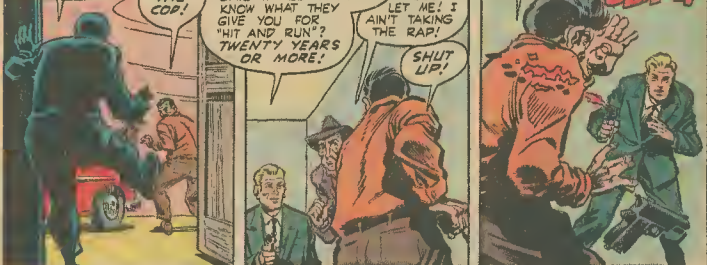
AND YOU MUST BE THE LITTLE WEASEL THAT WAS ON THAT "HIT AND RUN" JOB WITH A CADDY! THOSE NEW HEADLIGHTS CURRY PUT ON GAVE IT ALL AWAY! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY GIVE YOU FOR "HIT AND RUN"? TWENTY YEARS OR MORE!

I WANTED TO CALL AN AMBULANCE BUT CURRY WOULDN'T LET ME! I AIN'T TAKING THE RAP!

SHUT UP!

YOU AIN'T GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE, COPPER! GET HIM!

BLAM!



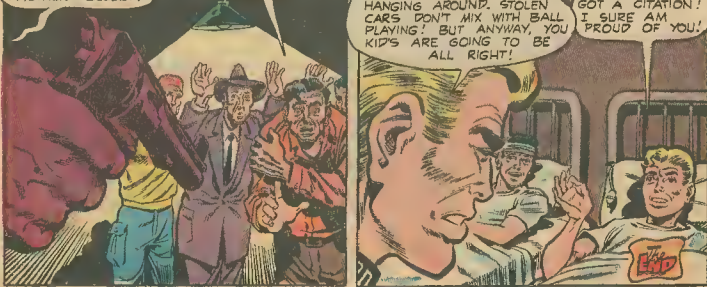
NOW JUST MOVE OVER THERE LIKE I TELL YOU AND MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO WASTE ANOTHER BULLET!

I'M BLEEDING! GET ME A DOCTOR! GET ME A DOCTOR!

AND AFTER HE BOOKED THEM...AND THE PAPERS HAD THE STORY, AND IT WAS ALL ON THE BLOTTER...KENNY WENT VISITING...

HE DIDN'T WANT YOU KIDS HANGING AROUND, STOLEN CARS DON'T MIX WITH BALL PLAYING! BUT ANYWAY, YOU KIDS ARE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

HEY, KENNY...I READ WHERE YOU GOT A CITATION! I SURE AM PROUD OF YOU!



THE END

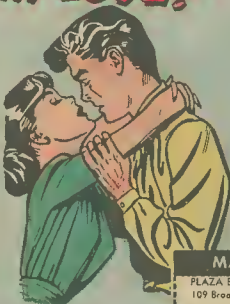


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- How to Make Everyday Events Sound Interesting
- How to Make Your Sweetheart Write More Often
- How to Express Your Love
- How to Make (or Break) a Date
- How to Acknowledge a Gift
- How to "Make Up"
- How to Say "Those Little Things"
- How to Make Him (or Her) Miss You
- How to Propose by Letter

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if you prefer C.O.D. You pay postman 98¢ per book plus postal charges.

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\* Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

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Please send me seat covers. I have marked I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

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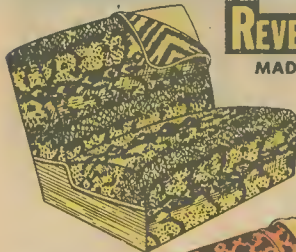
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### STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

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Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never get dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear.

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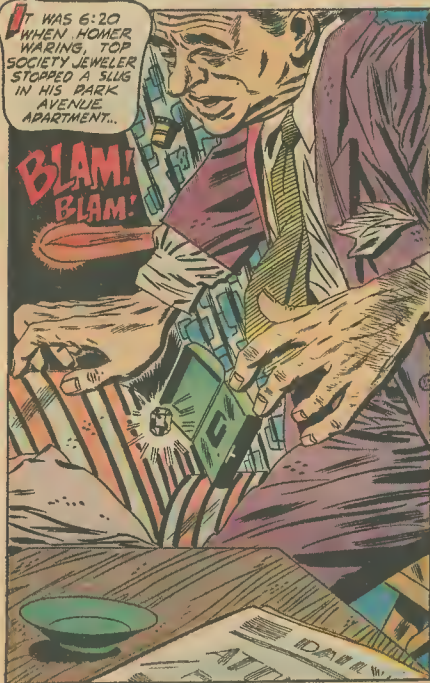
Look at the city from a distance and it's a massed cluster of buildings that make up an impressive silhouetted skyline.  
 Look at the city from above and it's a facework of streets and avenues twisting in a crazy, planless pattern.  
 Go down among those streets and buildings and you've got the real city--the people who make it tick!  
 That's my beat--inside the city among the people. I'm a cop... Sergeant Mark Fabian. What people do is my business... especially when they're ...

# OUTSIDE the LAW



IT WAS 6:20 WHEN HOMER WARING, TOP SOCIETY JEWELER STOPPED A SLUG IN HIS PARK AVENUE APARTMENT...

**BLAM!  
BLAM!**



OPERATOR! GET ME THE POLICE! I'VE BEEN SHOT! HURRY... I'M AGHHHHH...



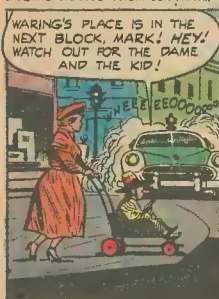
6:23 P.M.... PAT POLO AND I ARE WORKING THE NIGHT WATCH OUT OF HOMICIDE! THE CALL CAME IN TO US...

HOMER WARING! SHOT! ... OKAY, THANKS! WE'LL GET MOVING!





**WE** MOVED, ALL RIGHT... AND WITH THE SIREN SCREAMING, CHASING TRAFFIC FROM OUR PATH...



WARING'S PLACE IS IN THE NEXT BLOCK, MARK! HEY! WATCH OUT FOR THE DAME AND THE KID!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT WOMAN? CAN'T SHE HEAR US?

**WE** MADE THE APARTMENT IN SIX MINUTES' FLAT FROM THE TIME OF THE OPERATOR'S CALL. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE... SO WE USED MUSCLE TO GET IN...



THERE HE IS!

LOOKS LIKE WE WEREN'T FAST ENOUGH!



I WAS RIGHT! HE'S DEAD... SHOT IN THE BACK!

FUNNY THING! HE DIDN'T SHOOT HIMSELF BECAUSE THERE'S NO GUN AROUND! BUT ALL THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED AND WE HAD TO BREAK IN THE DOOR!



**PAT** WAS RIGHT! WARING HAD BEEN LOCKED IN HIS OWN APARTMENT WHEN WE FOUND HIM DEAD!

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THE KILLER COULD HAVE LEFT! THIS HOT AIR VENT IS TOO SMALL FOR ANYBODY TO SQUEEZE THROUGH... WINDOWS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE...

THE PLACE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S BEEN RANSACKED, EITHER!

**WARING** HAD A SECRETARY... MISS ELLEN PRUETT. WHILE THE MEDICAL EXAMINER WENT THROUGH A QUICK O-O, WE GOT HER UP TO THE APARTMENT TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS...



THIS IS DREADFUL... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL MR. WARING... UNLESS IT WERE FOR THE DIAMOND...

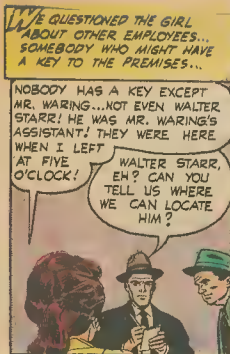
WHAT DIAMOND, MISS PRUETT?



THE WALPOLE DIAMOND! MR. WARING HAD IT WITH HIM! HE HAD BEEN COMMISSIONED TO CUT IT AND HAD BEEN STUDYING IT HERE FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS!

THE WALPOLE DIAMOND! **WHEW!** THAT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THE APARTMENT PRETTY CAREFULLY, BUT WE DIDN'T FIND ANY DIAMOND!





**S**TARR SEEMED TO GO TO PIECES WHEN HE TOLD HIM ABOUT WARING, OR MAYBE HE WAS PUTTING ON A GOOD ACT...

HOMER SHOT!  
OH, NO...I LEFT  
HIM LESS THAN  
TWO HOURS  
AGO!

WAS  
HE  
ALONE?



YES, HE WAS ALONE! THERE WAS THIS WOMAN...MRS. CLAYMORE, I THINK SHE SAID HERE NAME WAS... WHO HAD COME UP WITH HER CHILD TO DISCUSS AN EMERALD BRACELET! SHE LEFT FIRST AND THEN I FOLLOWED AT 5:30. MR. WARING LOCKED THE DOOR BEHIND ME!



**WE** PUMPED STARR A LITTLE MORE, BUT EITHER HE HAD NOTHING TO TELL OR WE WEREN'T DOING A GOOD JOB! THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE WALPOLE DIAMOND IN HIS PLACE...

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, STARR! BUT KEEP YOURSELF AVAILABLE! WE MIGHT WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN!

ANY TIME, SERGEANT!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HIM, MARK?

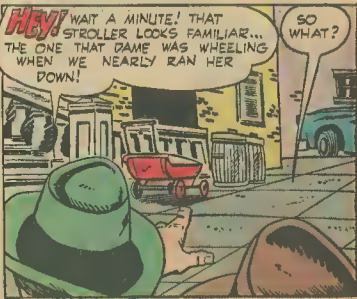
HARD TO SAY! I'D LIKE TO LOCATE THAT MRS. CLAYMORE HE MENTIONED...THE WOMAN WITH THE KID! I WISH HE HAD HER ADDRESS!



**WE** STARTED TO COMB THE NEIGHBORHOOD. PAT SUDDENLY LET OUT A BELLOW...

**HEY!** WAIT A MINUTE! THAT STROLLER LOOKS FAMILIAR... THE ONE THAT DAME WAS WHEELING WHEN WE NEARLY RAN HER DOWN!

SO WHAT?



SO IT'S JUST A WILD HUNCH, BUT MAYBE THIS DAME IS THE MRS. CLAYMORE STARR WAS TALKING ABOUT... YOU KNOW...A WOMAN WITH A KID!

COULD BE! SHE WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF WARING'S PLACE WHEN WE SAW HER! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



**T**HERE WAS NO CLAYMORE IN THE BELLS DOWNSTAIRS BUT THE BUILDING SUPER TOLD US WHO THE CARRIAGE BELONGED TO AND WE WENT LOOKING...JUST IN CASE...

THERE'S NO MRS. CLAYMORE THAT LIVES HERE!

PSST...THAT'S HER... THE DAME WE ALMOST RAN DOWN!

WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS, MA'AM! WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!



HER NAME WAS RITA MANN, SO SHE SAID. WE FOUND HER HUSBAND AND THE KID INSIDE THE APARTMENT. THEY'D JUST FINISHED DINNER...

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, FOLKS, BUT WE RECOGNIZED THE KID'S CARRIAGE DOWNSTAIRS! YOU WERE ON PARK NEAR 60TH AROUND 6:30 THIS EVENING, WEREN'T YOU MRS. MANN?

ANYTHING WRONG IN THAT?



THERE WAS A MAN MURDERED IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD JUST ABOUT THAT TIME! I WONDER IF YOU NOTICED ANYONE SUSPICIOUS AROUND... SOMEONE MAKING A GETAWAY?

I...I'M AFRAID NOT...



WELL, JUST THOUGHT YOU GOT WE'D CHECK! THANKS, MA'M!

A RATTLE IN YOUR GUN, SONNY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S LOOSE! HERE, LEMME LOOK AT IT!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE HANDLE!

BAW! BAW! GUN! GUN!



QUIT TEASING THE KID!

HUH?



OH! CANDY IN THE GUN HANDLE! SORRY, KID!

PAT DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, FOLKS! HE'S A LITTLE CLUMSY WITH KIDS! LET'S GO!

8:57... WE LEFT THE MANN APARTMENT...BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM...

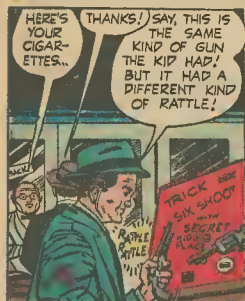
WELL, WE DREW A BLANK THAT TIME! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

FIRST I WANT A PACK OF CIGARETTES! THERE'S A STORE BACK THERE A BIT!





**WE** DRIFTED OVER TO THE CANDY STORE. INSIDE, SOMETHING CAUGHT PAT'S EYE...



SOMETHING SUDDENLY CLICKED, AND I LEFT THE STORE FAST...

9:14... WE WERE BACK IN FRONT OF RITA MANN'S APARTMENT, KNOCKING ON THE DOOR AGAIN...





THE MAS-  
QUERADE  
IS OVER!  
STAND  
WHERE  
YOU ARE!

LEMME GO,  
YOU DIRTY  
FLATFOOT!

THERE IT IS,  
PAT. THE  
WALPOLE  
DIAMOND!  
THAT SURE  
WOULD BUY  
A LOT OF  
CANDY!

THE IDEA HIT ME IN THE STORE  
WHEN YOU SHOWED ME THE  
DIFFERENCE IN THE GUN,  
PAT! THAT'S WHEN I  
FIGURED THAT KID MIGHT  
NOT BE A KID AT ALL...  
BUT A MIDGET!

YOU FIGURED  
RIGHT, MARK!

9:35... WE TOOK THE TRIO DOWN  
TO HEADQUARTERS. THE FRAME  
CRACKED FIRST AND SPILLED  
THE WHOLE STORY THE REST  
OF THE PIECES FELL INTO PLACE.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET  
IN AND OUT OF THAT LOCKED  
APARTMENT... THROUGH THE  
HOT AIR VENT! A NORMAL  
PERSON WOULDN'T FIT... BUT  
A MIDGET WOULD! THEY USED  
THE VENT TO GAIN ENTRY... PLUG  
WARNING AND LEAVE THE SAME  
WAY WITH THE DIAMOND!

**S**HORTLY  
THEREAFTER,  
THE TRIO  
WERE TRIED  
FOR MURDER  
AND  
ROBBERY!  
THEY WERE  
FOUND GUILTY  
AND  
SENTENCED  
TO LIFE  
IMPRISONMENT.  
THEY ARE  
NOW SERVING  
THEIR TERMS.

CASE  
CLOSED

*The*  
**END**

## Announcement

Due to the overwhelming response to our cash prize contest, the judges were unable to select the winners when this issue went to press.

However, the names of the winners will positively appear in the next issue of *THE INFORMER*. Be sure to watch for it at your favorite newsdealer.



# Could You Use \$1,000,000?

We'd like to hand you the million  
—but that's impossible—But your  
HEALTH is worth a million!  
And WE CAN MAKE YOU  
HEALTHY!



## LOSE UGLY FAT SUBSTITUTE MUSCLE!

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MEN — WOMEN — CHILDREN!

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### ★ AMAZING BUT TRUE!

Yes, HIP POCKET GYM helps BOTH skinny and stout people! Famous celebrities, people all over the world have been brought to thrilling FULL BLOODED HEALTH by this amazing exerciser!

### ★ THERE'S NO MAGIC — NO MIRACLE!

HIP POCKET GYM works by putting Nature on your team! Using scientific and medical principles it helps the body to help itself by giving the body just the right amount of exercise it requires! HIP POCKET GYM automatically adjusts to your strength and ability! You do not have to be Mr. America — even children can use it! A few minutes a day may lengthen your life and give you the power to BE A MAN AMONG MEN!

★ SO SIMPLE! SO EASY! No nailing on walls—No crawling on floors! No sweating from ceilings—no lengthy correspondence courses! A few minutes a day in a lady man's way rid you of that run-down, tired feeling — gives you the PEP and FORCE OF PERSONALITY TO FURGE AHEAD IN SUCCESS!

★ RECOMMENDED BY OVER A HALF MILLION PEOPLE! The HIP POCKET Method of Body Building has been so successful that a vast loyal multitude of hundred-of-thousands of users has been built during the past 25 years by word of mouth and recommendation WITHOUT ONE WORD OF ADVERTISING!

★ BUILDS HEALTH IN VETERANS' HOSPITALS! HIP POCKET GYM is used by physiotherapists in Veterans' Hospitals to rebuild health and vigor in our wounded and injured men.

★ SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED HIP POCKET GYM is made of pure, natural rubber that actually improves with age! Each Gym features a scientifically molded single piece resistance rubber that exercises the muscles gently, gradually and firmly—preventing over-exercising. HIP POCKET GYM is so light and compact, you can take it anywhere!

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If I am not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, I may return the Hip Pocket Gym within 5 days for full refund!

# FREE-LANCE MURDER



**M**URDER was Soapy's job. He ran it like a business. Somebody wanted somebody else rubbed out and you put in a call for Soapy. His fee varied from one to five thousand. It all depended on how big the "pigeon" was. Soapy had no scruples about killing anybody. The guy had to die—Soapy got the job—cased him and then pulled the trigger. It was easy as that. He was doing a nice little business, too, until the day Big Charlie called him in to rub out a bookie who had moved in on him without paying off. The potential victim knew all of Big Charlie's torpedoes, so it had to be a free lance assignment. Big Charlie was willing to pay two grand for the job and Soapy took it.

For the next few days, Soapy trailed the bookie. He was glad to note that the "pigeon" took care of his digestion and ate only in the best places. That made it easier for Soapy who had to favor his ulcers. Then, one night, he cornered the bookie in an alley. Two shots was all it took and the job was over.

Soapy immediately went to Big Charlie's place to tell him of the demise of the bookie. Big Charlie nodded in satisfaction.

"Nice work, Soapy. Now let yourself out. I'm a busy man."

"Ain't you forgetting the two grand which I was supposed to receive for taking care of this 'pigeon'? Soapy asked in a surprised manner.

But Soapy suddenly found himself flanked by Big Charlie's torpedoes and they were nudging him toward the door with the hard end of a couple of guns. Then it hit Soapy. Big Charlie was welching on paying off. They slammed the door on him and Soapy found himself in the street without a nickel for his trouble. That bothered Soapy. It was the first time he hadn't been paid off and he couldn't let that happen.

"I guess I'll have to see him again and have another talk with Big Charlie," thought Soapy. "It would be bad business for me to let him get away with it."

Soapy immediately went to a little club that Big Charlie ran and waited for his chance to slip into Big Charlie's office. At last, he saw Big Charlie's torpedoes slip away from the door and go to the bar for a drink. That's when Soapy slipped into the office and quietly closed the door. Big Charlie was heavy and beefy and sweated a lot. When he looked up and saw who had come into his office, he sweated more than usual. His face got chalky white when he saw the look in Soapy's heady eyes.

"It wasn't very nice to welch on the payoff, Big Charlie," said Soapy.

"—I was going to pay you, Soapy," stammered Big Charlie. He was cringing in fear. "Look—I got the money for you right in my drawer here."

He opened his desk drawer and his hand touched the butt of a gun that was there. And that was his big mistake. He should have known better than try to trade lead with Soapy. Big Charlie got it right between the eyes. When the torpedoes came bursting into the room, Big Charlie was very dead and slumped over the desk. Soapy was calmly counting out some money from Big Charlie's wallet. Soapy was surprised at the amount of money in the wallet and figured the gambling business must be good—in fact, very, very good.

When the other torpedoes came bursting into the office, Big Charlie was still slumped over the desk and Soapy was calmly sitting in his chair behind the big desk. Soapy was still holding his gun when he barked at them.

"Big Charlie owes me two grand and there was only fifteen hundred in his wallet. I want the balance—and fast."

The torpedoes stood there gaping at him. Then one of them went for his gun. It was in a shoulder holster and took a long time to reach. By the time he did reach it, Soapy's bullet was ripping through his gut and he was dead by the time he hit the floor. That shot brought more of Big Charlie's mob on the run. It didn't take them long to size up the situation and a look of fearful respect was on their faces when they turned toward Soapy.

"You can have the dough, Boss," said the torpedo. "Put that rod away. It makes us nervous."

Boss! That one word started the wheels going in Soapy's crafty mind. Why not? Somebody would have to take over and step into Big Charlie's shoes. Why not him? It was time he moved up the ladder. He didn't want to be a torpedo for somebody else all his life. They respected his gun. So right then and there, Soapy took over Big Charlie's mob and operations.

In the weeks that passed, Soapy not only began to act the part of the big boss—but dress the part as well. He had a lot of fancy clothes—smoked long cigars and he made the boys toe the line. But he knew he had to watch them. One false move and he'd go the way Big Charlie did. So he never went anywhere without his gun. That was his insurance.

In due time, Soapy even found himself a girl. A cute little number who danced in the chorus line at the club. When he threw her a thousand dollar tip one night, he knew that she belonged to him. Things were going just as if Big Charlie was running it himself.

Then, one day, a new guy showed up. He told Soapy he was from the syndicate. Big Charlie had been their boy and he wanted to know all the answers. But Soapy was feeling his oats now. Of course he had heard about the syndicate. But who needed them? He was doing all right and he didn't like the idea of splitting his take with anyone. When the syndicate man asked him to toe the line like Big Charlie did, Soapy nixed it.

"Nobody tells me how to run my business," Soapy said. "I'll take care of things myself."

The syndicate man mournfully shook his head when he heard Soapy tell him that nobody was getting a cut of the pie. He put on his hat and walked out without saying another word. Soapy figured as long as he kept his gun handy, he didn't have anything to worry about.

Meanwhile, Soapy's romance with his doll, Gloria, was flourishing. When she gave him that baby stare from those big blue eyes, Soapy felt like he was sitting on top of the world. And don't think Soapy didn't go for her in a big way too. He was going to make a big star out of her some day. But she began to nag him about his gun. Everytime he put his arms around her, she grimaced in distaste. It wasn't that she didn't like Soapy's attentions. But the gun he carried made her very uncomfortable when he gave her a kiss and a squeeze. That gun was making her nervous.

"You're a big shot now," she pouted. "Why don't you let the boys do your dirty work for you like Big Charlie did?"

Soapy tried to explain how it was his insurance. But when she kept recoiling in fear everytime she felt the gun press against her, Soapy decided to let true love win out. Okay—he would play it all the way like Big Charlie did. So he put his gun in the drawer and then triumphantly told Gloria about it. This time, when he gave her a kiss and a squeeze, she didn't recoil in fright. There was no gun.

The doll was right, thought Soapy, when noth-

ing special happened the next few days. After all, a big shot ought not to carry his own rod. That was a torpedo's job. You never saw a big shot in the movies with a gun. Why worry? His car had bullet proof glass and two torpedoes tailed him wherever he went.

But one night, when he was taking a juicy pile of greenbacks home from the gambling casino, he was told that his chauffeur had reported sick. One of his other boys would drive. Soapy didn't like it. So he went back to his office to get his gun. Gloria followed him and when she saw him take the gun out of the drawer she let out a loud squark. She wouldn't go with him if he was going to slip back to the old ways. Soapy tried to explain, but it was no go. Finally, they compromised. Gloria would carry the gun. Soapy watched her stuff it into her little evening bag, and then both went out to the car. Even though the gun was a tight fit, and the outline of it could be seen through the bag, Soapy felt reassured.

But the car had only gone a few blocks when Soapy's hunch about smelling a rat came to fruition. He glanced through the back of the car window and was just in time to see a long black car pull toward him. He knew that the model car was the kind that was only used by the syndicate. But before he could shout a warning to his torpedoes in the front seat, the black car had drawn even with his and the staccato bark of a tommy gun was making a lot of round little holes in his boys who quickly lost all interest in the proceedings as they quietly died.

The car spun crazily in a half circle and then came to a sudden stop by crashing into a light pole. Soapy saw the syndicate boys piling out of the black car and heading toward him. He turned to Gloria and shouted real loud.

"My gun, Doll!—Hurry up—give me my gun!"

Gloria knew that trouble was afoot and opened up her bag in a big hurry. She put her dainty little hand in and started to tug on the gun which was wedged very tightly in her little evening bag. But it was no dice. She couldn't budge it. Soapy snatched the bag out of her hand and started to pull and tug at the gun which was being held prisoner by the little evening bag.

It was while he was still frantically tugging at the gun in the little bag, that the syndicate boys opened the door of the car and began to spray Soapy with lead. Gloria was a doll, so they were careful to see that their lead only hit Soapy. And that's how Soapy died. But there was a real regretful look on his face as he faded out permanently. It was a look that said he should have stuck to his trade. Whoever heard of a trigger man being without a rod. But what could he expect when he cashed in his insurance.

THE END



# MEN! AMAZING NEW "BODYGUARD" BRACES YOUR BACK!

IMPROVES YOUR POSTURE—YOUR APPEARANCE—WHILE YOU WEAR IT!

Does your back feel "busted" after a day's work? Does it ache when you stand, when you turn, when you bend—because you've been working all day without proper back support? Has sitting in one position all day, or doing heavy manual work, made your muscles sore, your back stiff and tender? Well cheer up—here's the back support you may need! If so, you're going to feel better—fast! And to convince yourself we ask you to try the sensational new 2-in-1 BODYGUARD—actually wear it 10 days FREE! BODYGUARD acts like a strong, friendly hand—bracing your back, encouraging you to straighten your shoulders, throw out your chest, relieving strain and fatigue. Yes, the BODYGUARD will encourage you to walk more upright, breathe more deeply, work better, have a new spring to your step. See if you're not full of pep and zing after a full day's work—ready to enjoy your home and family, ready to step out and have fun!



## DOES YOUR BACK ACHES?

Nature intended Man to walk on four legs. Now that we walk on two feet, in a vertical position, all kinds of problems are created. Your spine and your abdominal and back muscles have to support a lot of extra weight and strain. If you stand on your feet for hours every day, if your job requires you



to do a lot of bending, twisting, turning, walking, pushing—no wonder your back gets sore and tired! Now just imagine how much better you'll feel when you've got a firm, comfortable support right where you need it most! That's exactly what the BODYGUARD does for you.

BODYGUARD braces your back with a smooth, soft, comfortable fabric that does not bind you. The s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth fits you like a glove—and the adjustable built-in strap gives you exactly the degree of support you want.

## FLATTENS YOUR "BAY WINDOW" TOO

BODYGUARD lifts and flattens your bulging bay window while it braces your back. What's more, you get extra support where you need it most by turning your garment around. Turn it to the front and presto!—your bulging stomachline disappears, your midsection is lifted and flattened—you look younger, slimmer, more athletic. And you'll be delighted with the amazing improvement in the way your clothes hang.

## TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE

You risk nothing! Send no money now—just the coupon. (Be sure to give waist measurement.) We'll promptly send you your BODYGUARD, plus your extra pouch. On arrival pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Then try it on—adjust it the way you want—note how comfortable you feel, how much better you look every moment you wear it! Unless BODYGUARD helps you look better, feel better within 10 days, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. Fair enough? Mail the coupon NOW!

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

### BACK-FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort back and front!

### DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed, reversible, made to give wonderful support and protection!

### EXTRA POUCH

Extra Pouch! The Bodyguard has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra reversible pouch. Send your order today.



### S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, and braces your back, yet it stretch as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 187E-4  
427 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL s-BODYGUARD HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that it includes an extra pouch. In 10 days, I will either return BODYGUARD to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_ (Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

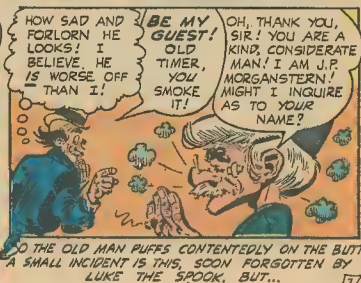
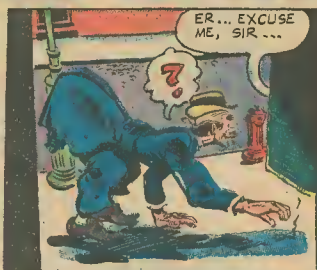
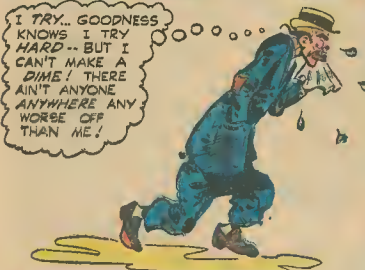
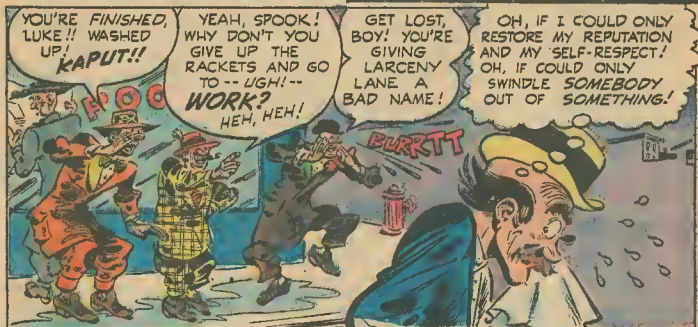
☐ Save up to 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose \$3.98 now. Full purchase price refund guaranteed if garment is returned within 10 days.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 187E-4  
427 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Barred from the exclusive *Gon Man's Club*, for the repeated failures of his nefarious schemes, Luke the Spook is a pitiful figure, indeed, as we open this report. But you can bet your bottom dollar he's still in there trying to make a comeback!

# LUKE<sup>the</sup> SPOOK in

## WHERE THERE'S A WILL...



SO THE OLD MAN PUFFS CONTENTEDLY ON THE BUTT. A SMALL INCIDENT IS THIS, SOON FORGOTTEN BY LUKE THE SPOOK. BUT...

**SOME DAYS LATER, AT PHOEBE'S FLOPHOUSE-- WHERE LUKE THE SPOOK IS TEMPORARILY ON THE CUFFOLA...**

LETTER FOR YOU, SPOOK!  
HMM...IT'S WRIT IN A MIGHTY SHAKY HAND!

GIVE IT  
HERE,  
PHOEBE!



IT'S FROM J.P. MORGANSTERN, A POOR OLD COOT I ONCE GAVE A CIGARETTE BUTT! MRMBL...? HUH? HE WANTS ME TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH HIM AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE!

PHOEBE'S  
ROOM...456  
WITH MOUSE  
TRAP.....501



SO WHY'NT  
YOU GO?  
**THERE**  
YOU  
MIGHT  
**EAT!**

BUT J.P. MORGAN-  
STERN IS POORER  
THAN A CHURCH-  
HOUSE! HE'S  
WORSE OFF THAN  
I AM! HOW CAN  
HE HAVE A PLACE  
IN THE COUNTRY?



SPOOK, HE SAYS  
YOU MAY BE  
PLEASANTLY  
**SURPRISED!**  
SO GO  
SEE WHA'  
**HOPPENS!**

TO BE SURE!  
WHAT HAVE  
I GOT TO  
LOSE?



**THUS...**



**AND...**

...BUT...  
WHAT...  
HOW...?

OH, DON'T LOOK SO STARTLED,  
MAN! THIS MANSION IS **MINE!**  
AND IT'S ALWAYS BEEN MINE!  
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? CHAM-  
PAGNE? BREAST OF PHEASANT  
UNDER GLASS? CAVIAR FROM  
CONTENTED CARP?



B-BUT ONLY A  
FEW SHORT DAYS  
AGO YOU WERE  
GRUBBIN' CIGARETTE  
BUTTS! J.P. MOR-  
GANSTERN, I  
DON'T GET IT!

A **DISGUISE**, SPOOK!  
YOU SEE, I'M SEEK-  
ING A COMPANION!  
ANYONE WILL BE  
PALS TO AN OLD  
COOT WITH LOOT,  
BUT ONLY A GOOD  
MAN'LL BE A CHUM  
TO A BUM!





SO I'VE SELECTED YOU! YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS RICHER THAN MIDAS, AND YET YOU BEFRIENDED ME!

WHY THE OLD CROW HAS NOTHING BUT ROUGH! BOY, DID I STEP IN IT! WHAT A SET-UP HE IS FOR A CON MAN MAKING A COMEBACK!



AND SO THE WHEELS IN LUKE'S HEAD START SPINNING ....

I WILL MERELY MULCT MORGANSTERN OUT OF HIS MAZUMA, AND THUS REGAIN MY REP! HEH!! THEN LEFTY THE LEECH WILL HAVE TO RESTORE MY MEMBERSHIP IN THE CON MAN'S CLUB!

DINAH IS SERVED!



BUT SCHEMES TAKE TIME TO FIGURE OUT-- AND BEFORE LUKE CAN COME UP WITH A WORKABLE ONE, THE WEEKEND IS OVER...

GOODBYE NOW, J.P.! SEEING YOU HAS GIVEN ME A NEW-- HEH-- LEASE ON LIFE!

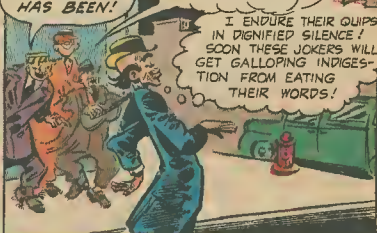
YOU'LL COME AGAIN AS SOON AS I WRITE, SPOOK?

YOU CAN MAKE BOOK ON THAT!



SOMEBODY TOOK A LOOK AT LUKE AND MADE UP THE WORD HAS BEEN!

... We call him Idaho, 'cause he's only half baked...



I ENDURE THEIR QUIPS IN DIGNIFIED SILENCE! SOON THESE JOKERS WILL GET GALLOPING INDIGESTION FROM EATING THEIR WORDS!

NOW THE JEERS ARE EASIER TO BEAR, FOR LUKE IS PLOTTING, PLOTTING....

AND NOT TOO MANY DAYS LATER...

LETTER FOR YOU, SPOOK! WRIT IN THE SAME SHAKY HAND AS THE LAST ONE!

IT'S FROM J.P. MORGANSTERN! HE'S INVITED ME OUT TO HIS PLACE AGAIN... AND I HAVEN'T YET THOUGHT UP A PLAN!

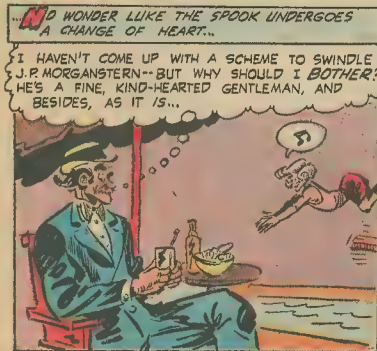
PHOBES ROOM... WITH FLOOR SLIP

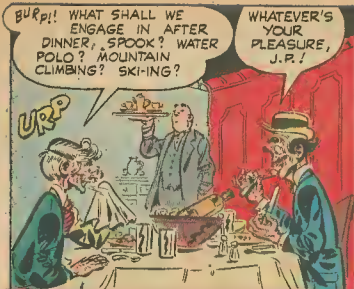


I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST NOW!

WELCOME, LUKE! I, J.P. MORGANSTERN, HAVE A SENSATIONAL IDEA! LISTEN...







BURP! WHAT SHALL WE ENGAGE IN AFTER DINNER, SPOOK? WATER POLO? MOUNTAIN CLIMBING? SKI-ING?

WHATEVER'S YOUR PLEASURE, J.P.!

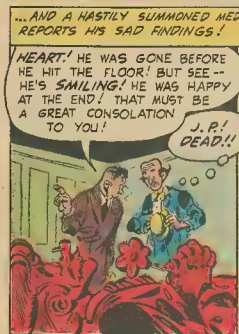


J.P.! WHA--WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OOOOF...  
**UHH...  
NGA...**

AND LUKE, LIVING IN CLOVER GOES STRAIGHT --- PUTTING FROM HIS MIND ALL THOUGHT OF REGAINING HIS POSITION AS TOP CON MAN! WHY SWINDLE, WHEN IT'S MORE FUN BEING LEGIT?

BUT THEN, AFTER A PARTICULARLY GALA EVENING, J.P. MORGANSTERN COUGHS AND COLLAPSES....



...AND A HASTILY SUMMONED MEDICO REPORTS HIS SAD FINDINGS!

HEART! HE WAS GONE BEFORE HE HIT THE FLOOR! BUT SEE-- HE'S SMILING! HE WAS HAPPY AT THE END! THAT MUST BE A GREAT CONSOLATION TO YOU!

J.P.! DEAD!!



NOW THE REALIZATION STRIKES ME--WITH J.P. GONE, MY GOOD TIMES, MY COMFORTABLE WAY OF LIFE, COME TO AN END!!



I AM SAD INDEED ABOUT THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND BUT NOW THE THOUGHT OCCURS AND CONSTANTLY RE-OCCURS TO ME...



WHY DIDN'T I SWINDLE THE OLD COOT WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE?

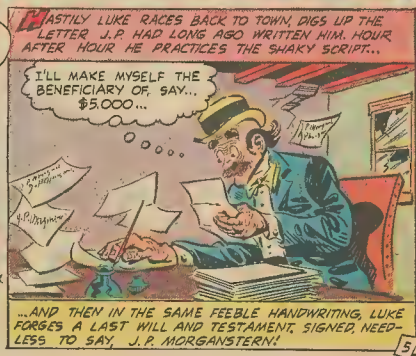
NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



BUT... WAIT! IS IT TOO LATE? MAYBE I CAN SALVAGE SOMETHING...

I ...CAN...

I WILL!

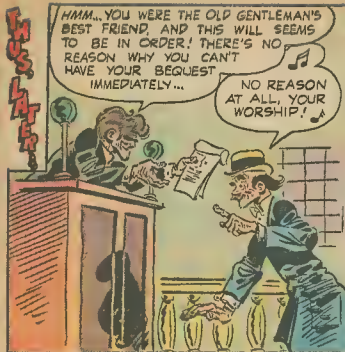


HASTILY LUKE RACES BACK TO TOWN, DIGS UP THE LETTER J.P. HAD LONG AGO WRITTEN HIM. HOUR AFTER HOUR HE PRACTICES THE SHAKY SCRIPT...

I'LL MAKE MYSELF THE BENEFICIARY OF, SAY... \$5,000...

...AND THEN IN THE SAME FEEBLE HANDWRITING, LUKE FORGES A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, SIGNED, NEED-LESS TO SAY, J.P. MORGANSTERN!





LUKE WASTES NO TIME IN COLLECTING THE \$69 HE WROTE HIMSELF IN FOR...



AND SO, HIS REP RESTORED, LUKE, FOR A TIME LIVES HANDSOMELY AND HAPPILY ON HIS PURLOINED LOOT. THEN, ON A BLACK DAY, HIS BUBBLE BURSTS...



THIS IS J.P. MORGANSTERN'S HOUSEKEEPER, SPOOK! YOU MIGHTA' GONE UNDETECTED IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HER!



I JUST HEARD ABOUT THE WILL! I PROMPTLY INFORMED THE AUTHORITIES IT WAS A FORGERY!



ONCE A WEEK I CLEANED THE J.P. MORGANSTERN MANSION! AT J.P.'S REQUEST I WROTE THE INVITATIONS TO YOU LIKE I WROTE ALL HIS LETTERS FOR 50 YEARS! I ALONE KNEW HE COULD NOT WRITE!



HEH, HEH... THIS'LL KILL YOU, SPOOK! AN ATTORNEY HAS JUST COME FORWARD WITH J.P. MORGANSTERN'S REAL WILL! IN IT, THE OLD COOT LEFT--NOT A MEASLY FIVE GRAND LIKE YOU STOLE--HE LEFT YOU EVERYTHING! MILLIONS!



HE... HE LEFT ME EVERYTHING? ME? EVERYTHING? ME??



HE LEFT ME EVERYTHING, I TELL YOU-- EVERYTHING! I'M RICH! RICH! WOO HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA...



THE END WHAT ELSE?

LOOK WHAT YOU  
GET FOR ONLY...

\$1

The most popular gift  
set in the country!

Handsome  
three piece set

ALL SETS BEAUTIFULLY GIFT BOXED!

GUARANTEED  
VALUE  
\$5.00



1. BALL POINT PEN with Nylon tip
2. Hooded-style LEVER FOUNTAIN PEN
3. MECHANICAL PENCIL

Plastic barrels with gold-toned  
metal caps and clips. Gold-toned  
metal ring on pens.

COLORS: MAROON,  
BLUE, BLACK, GREEN

BOY! THAT'S  
WHAT I CALL A  
BARGAIN!



ELGEE SALES CO. BOX 396  
ALBERTSON, L.I., NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1.00) for which  
you will please send me at once, one three-piece gift set (value  
\$5.00) as described above. Please send color as checked below.

Black ☐ Blue ☐ Maroon ☐ Green ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN AND STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Make it a double bargain... I enclose \$1.85 for two sets.

## You Practice SERVICING with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on EARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multimeter and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

## You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

# I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

## TELEVISION

### Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.  
Our 40th Year

## America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

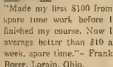
Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

## N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

### I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI." — Elmer Frawdell, Madison, S. Dakota.



"Made my first \$100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than \$10 a week, spare time." — Frank Porter, Lorain, Ohio.



"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street." — Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.



"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ." — Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.



BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator.



Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways, Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.



## Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed lots of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multimeter you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

## Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-

**AVAILABLE  
to all qualified  
VETERANS  
UNDER G.I. BILLS**

Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4MPL National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

## Good for Both — FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4MPL  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name  Age   
Address   
City  Zone  State

VETS write in date of discharge

The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success in  
RADIO-  
TELEVISION

**Mail Today-Tested Way to Better Pay**



# REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT WITH DELICIOUS KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

**"WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL LSE UP TO 5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS\* 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS\* 15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS\* 25 POUNDS IN 25 DAYS\* AND KEEP IT OFF"...**

\*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

\*\*You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—It KEEPS Weight Off!

**THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY ON YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your craving for high calorie foods! It keeps you from overeating—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, ruins your craving for foods!

**NO DANGEROUS DRUGS! NO HANDSHIP DIETS!**

Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty appetite satisfying candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

**YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T REDUCE TO THE WEIGHT THAT MOST RECOVER YOU!**

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to keep off fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—in eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

**SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY GUARANTEE!**

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to

take off up to 10 pounds of excess weight in 10 days. (2) to taste better or as good as your favorite candy and to be the best plan you ever followed or you get your money back.



**SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!**

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

**HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE AND STAY SLIM!**

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy! Even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll keep your weight off that way!

**AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!**

The Kelpidine Candy plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks. It's so safe—even a child

**IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!**

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years younger than people with normal weight! So be Safe! Be Fair to yourself! Stop taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!

**KELPIDINE CANDY IS DIFFERENT!**

The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the last word in Reducing.

**DON'T CUT OUT FOODS\*\* CUT DOWN ON CALORIES!**

You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy plan—You'll never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is always satisfied! With Kelpidine Candy Plan you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the high calorie rich foods with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want, your calorie intake will be less—That's the delightful amazing thing!

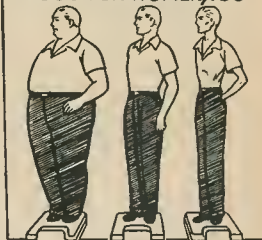
**YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!**

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on your 10-day no risk offer. Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO. DEPT. K-32 Candy Division, 312 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!

**GOOD FOR WOMEN, TOO**



**THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU! WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!**

Let this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you put a stop to the habit of overeating—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main cause of overweight).

**\$1.00 TRIAL SAMPLE SIZE!**

**CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!**

**AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, Dept. K-32, Candy Division, Room 927 125 E. 48th St., New York 17, N. Y. INF 4**

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00, send trial sample also, postage pre-paid!
- ☐ Rush a Liberal Supply of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75¢ postage by sending payment with order.)
- ☐ Rush a Large Economy Supply of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90¢ postage by sending payment with order.)

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